

# Athenian Airlines Presents:



— ISSUE —

# Editor's Note

## TABVLAE ATHĒNIĒNSIS VOLŪMEN XI

Dearest, sexiest, funniest readers,

We f\*cked up. We really, really f\*cked up. How, you ask? Our poor budget has been... destroyed. Incinerated, actually. We got too excited printing all these issues that we forgot that printing costs money. Oops! Luckily, our Business Manager, Edith H. "Rising Star" Barlin, and the rest of our stellar executive team came up with a solution: The Spirit Airlines Issue!

It's genius, really. The more you think about it, the more it makes sense that a Venn diagram of Spirit Airlines and *The Athenian* is just a circle. Money's tight? Yep. Running out of room? Yep. Predominantly use yellow? Yep. Feels illegal? Also yep! It's hard to tell the difference sometimes, but I guarantee you this issue is the perfect intersection of a cherished, beautiful, "sky-high" organization and Spirit Airlines.

Spring Break is here, so why not read about some tips and tricks to help you have the most "lit" experience a broke, burnt-out college student can have? We have insider information on joining the mile high club aboard a Spirit Airlines flight and exciting news about the NEW Super Economy class. Enjoy! Just be sure to take all metal objects out of your pockets and remove your shoes.

Tuī,

STVLTVS EQVVS

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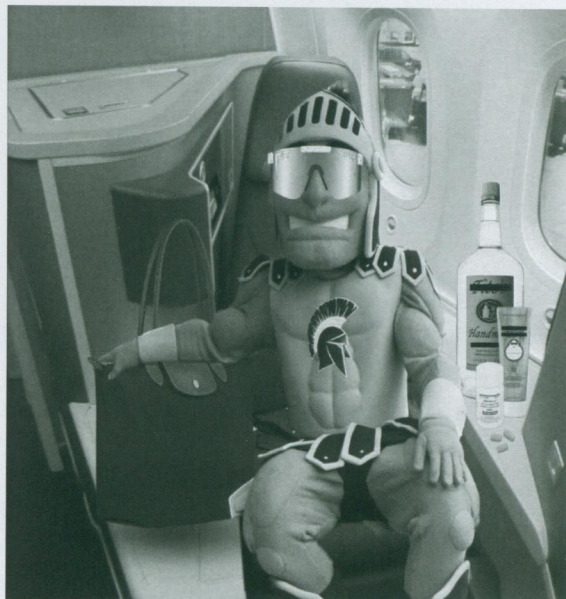


### Contributors

An Doan

Natalie Meier

Could have been you :(



Spring Break (March) 2023

# How I Met my Fiancé, the TSA Agent of my Dreams

## Lover Bird

Everyone says love is blind, but that is hard to believe when the love of your life operates the x-ray machine at the TSA security checkpoint. I was not a believer in love at first sight until I saw him standing there, looking blankly at the read-out display next to the machine. There were three people in front of me, their socks dragging across the dull airport floor as we all awaited our turn in the machine—to get scanned down, to prove our worth, to reap the rewards of being loved at the mortifying cost of being known. Unconsciously, I began sizing them up. The woman stepping into the machine first still had her metal bracelet on her wrist—a fatal flaw—resulting in him brushing his beautiful hands across her arms to check for dangerous items. Despite my disapproval of her inattention, I fell into the same trap when I forgot about the metal tips at the end of the strings of my hoodie. In that careful way that TSA agents do, he placed the backs of his hands against my shoulders, then grazed my collar bones and under my ribs as he looked for hidden weapons and explosive residue, before waving me off to retrieve my luggage. I found myself asking, why was I jealous of her before? I had received the same treatment... yet I could not stop re-imagining it, over and over again.

I was still thinking about it by the time I effortlessly passed through the security checkpoint and was sitting at my gate. Now I was in too deep. Already, I was on my airline app and scheduling future flights out of the same airport. If hiring attractive employees was the government's way of prompting more domestic travel, then their plan was working swimmingly. Who cares where I was supposed to be going now? I was getting farther and farther away from him with every mile I flew.

So I continued to take flights, once a week, just to see his beautiful face.

Sometimes he was there, other times not, but I traveled often enough that I began to learn when he took his days off. I started with small ways to catch his attention: loose change left in my jeans pockets, more than 3.4 ounces of liquids in my carry-on, a set of grooming scissors in my toiletry bag. All small things that were guaranteed to grab his attention. By my fourth flight he even knew my name! Isn't that romantic?

This continued for quite some time. Me, rapidly going through my savings to take short flights that made me pass through his security checkpoint; him, methodically looking over passengers for illegal activity and giving me subtle smiles along the way. It took months to pass him my phone number, which I hid in a bottle with more face wash than was permitted by federal law, and even longer until we finally had our first date. (At some point afterwards I was chosen for a cavity search. That being said, it was in the privacy of my own home, to which I had invit-

ed him.) By then I had accumulated enough airline miles to travel across the world and back for free. Which was a relief, because I had gone into severe credit card debt to continue seeing him.

Luckily he earned enough to keep us afloat. Not only that, but he had enough to buy a beautiful engagement ring! Our wedding is set for next month, and the ceremony will take place on the runway to commemorate our love. TSA pat-downs are a must for all guests, not only because we are getting married on government property but because it is a sign of our everlasting love. To prevent hearing loss from close-contact with jet engines, I encourage everyone to bring earplugs, and if you need some we will have enough to hand them out. Also, tie your hair back. Then we'll take a plane to our honeymoon destination—if we can avoid joining the mile high club on the way there. If I could find my one true love in the airport, then you can, too!



Sara Ramaiah

# New UPB Spring Break lottery partners with Armed Forces to send students to war-torn countries

Natalie Meier and Sofia Lemberg

With a budget of over \$200,000 and a history of extravagant event planning, it is no shock the UPB has planned multiple spring break trips for students this year. However, students who entered the lottery for either trip found themselves being involuntarily chosen for a third trip which was not advertised: "to the beautiful, warm countrysides of Afghanistan and Iran" where they will "aid in American efforts to spread democracy," according to a statement from the advertising team. UPB has partnered with the U.S. Armed Forces and ROTC program to offer students this unique experience.

While many students were dissatisfied with the sudden change in plans, there were a few who found the trip rewarding. "Honestly, it's kinda what I signed up for, to a certain extent," Chad Bartholemew Jr. reported in a letter to his roommate. "I wanted to go to the beach, and... there is definitely sand here." In the

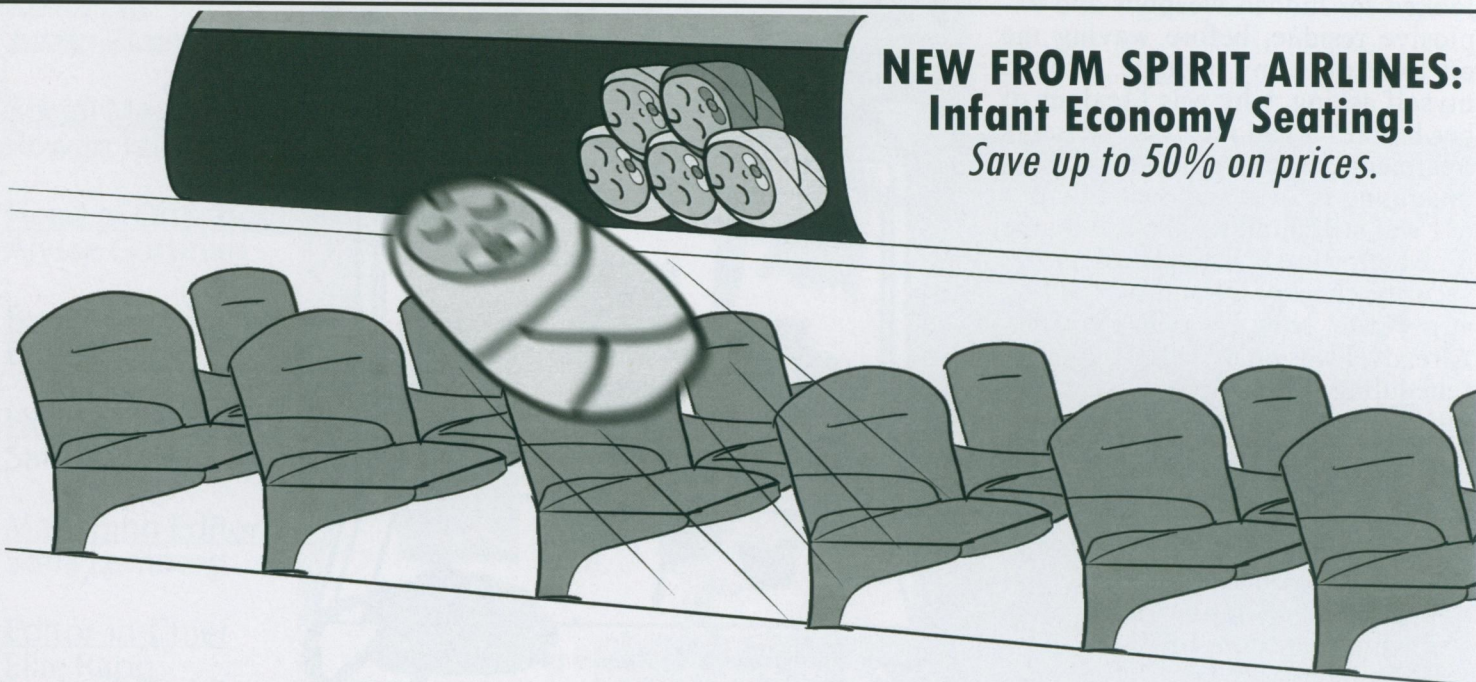
same letter Bartholemew Jr. sent two photos, each showing other soldiers, various artillery, and U.S. base camps. Bartholemew Jr. can be seen relaxing in a lawn chair and drinking a cold piña colada. He also stated that he received plenty of rations from government shipments and treats from his parents, who hoped he was "doing well" on his trip.

Although UPB had gotten all required authorizations from CWRU and the U.S. Armed Forces prior to opening up their Spring Break lottery, students have nonetheless voiced concerns. Amanda Freedman, a second-year student, expressed worry about her roommate Sam Star, who was currently on the UPB trip in the medical reserves: "I don't think this is ethical. Isn't this considered a draft? Does UPB have the legal power to do that? I just hope she gets home okay." Freedman last heard from Star the day before this interview. At that time, Star

had complained about the lack of cell service but was excited to write about her experience in her medical school personal statement.

Families have also become worried about their students' well-being. "I just don't think he's fit for that sort of thing," said Stella, the mother of third-year student Damien Smith, with tears in her eyes. "He majored in computer engineering so he wouldn't have to go outside or do physical activity. How dare they force my baby to work, and for the government at that?"

A petition has been circulating among the student body to end the trip early and bring any participating CWRU student back to Cleveland. Additionally, three lawsuits are currently underway against the university, and two more are suspected to be filed in the near future. UPB and the U.S. Armed Forces have both declined to comment.



Sara Ramaiah

# My Journey Setting the Record for Most Transfer Flights Taken in a Single Trip

W. R. Guinness

This spring break, I decided to take a trip no one has taken before: a vacation consisting *only* of transfer flights between my original and final destinations. It started as a way to lower costs and still get to Los Angeles to hang with my friends for a week, but then after that I just got caught up in the excitement of finding cheap transfer flights. And before you super-couponers and deal-chasers get on my back, I know damn well that taking more transfer flights doesn't inherently mean a cheaper trip. The joy I reap from existing 30,000 feet in the air far exceeds any monetary gain that I might get out of this whole experience.

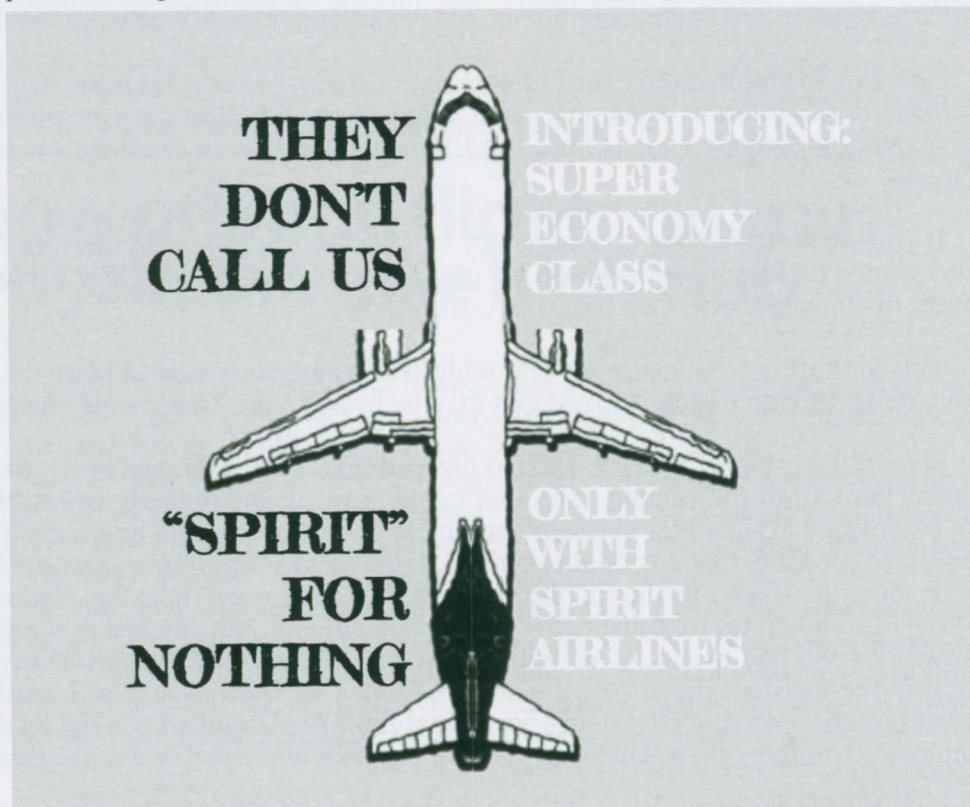
Like any good competitor, I followed some (self-imposed) rules once I realized my true goal. First, I decided that I must start in Cleveland, OH and end in Los Angeles, CA within a week of beginning my trip. The best time to do this was over spring break—which, if you count the Saturday immediately following my last day of classes, gives me eight days to travel. Second, I could not stay in a single location for more than 24 hours. This meant that a layover had to be less than a day's time, which was pretty feasible. And third, I still had to get to L.A. with enough time to see my friends outside the airport before I went home. Just three easy enough rules. How hard could it be?

My first flight from Cleveland to Chicago was turbulent but otherwise uneventful. O'Hare International Airport is a beautiful hellscape with too much business for its own good, but the overpriced Starbucks by my gate made the three-hour layover somewhat bearable. From O'Hare I went to St. Louis Lambert International Airport, which reminded me significantly more of Cleveland Hopkins International than anything else.

(Read: it was small, dull, and packed with college students also desperately trying to leave their Godforsaken state of residence.)

For the sake of time I will leave out the rest of the details, but by the time I arrived in L.A. six and a half days later, I could not have been more proud of myself. The final itinerary consisted of 109 flights, each of which took anywhere from 45 minutes to four hours, with equally varied layover times. I hadn't showered since before I left and only packed one pair of underwear for the

entire trip, so the sweet smell of victory awaited me at the airport pick-up line. People were kind enough to let me into the first cab that came along, side-stepping as I approached and hopped inside. I met my friends with enough time to spend too much money on mediocre food and dip my toes in the Pacific Ocean before getting on another flight back to Cleveland—this time, only consisting of one layover in Denver. Rumor has it there's a plaque celebrating my success waiting in the mailroom for me. I can't wait to take it as a carry-on for my next big trip.



New Spirit Airlines Super Economy Class allows our loyal customers to reach the other side of their journey with comfort and dignity. Enjoy the restful solitude of your flight and allow us to handle bringing you back at your destination safe and sound—alive, awake, and alert—all backed by our Spirit body transportation guarantee. Participating passengers agree to non-litigation terms with Spirit Airlines and its affiliate medical staff. Participating passengers understand and assume the risk associated with flying Super Economy Class. Spirit Airlines is legally required to disclose that some animals were harmed in the development of Spirit Airlines Super Economy Class. Spirit Airlines: the only airline to remind you that life is worth living.

# Kaler: Thank you for flying with us

*The following article consists of a letter submitted to The Athenian by President Eric Kaler, who asked that it be published in its unadulterated entirety as an address to the student body.*

To the Case Western Reserve University community,

Welcome onboard Flight 5318008, with service from Tinkham Veale Regional Airport to California, Pittsburgh, and New Jersey. We are currently waiting indefinitely for takeoff while the plane is constructed around us by the tenth of our Aerospace Engineering department that hasn't sold their humanity to Raytheon or Lockheed-Martin.

We thank you for your patience. At this time, please fasten your seatbelts, unfold your little auditorium half-desks that are just barely too small to to put a computer on and not quite big enough to comfortable write on unless you stick your elbow out in a weird direction, and secure all baggage and small children underneath your seat or in an overhead compartment.

Please turn off all personal electronic devices, including laptops, cell phones, tablets, portable gaming consoles, and surface-to-air weapons systems. Please refrain from using your cell phones or tablets to take pictures of the lecture slides mid-flight. It can be distracting to your professors and those around you, and we know you won't actually "look at them again" anyways.

Smoking is prohibited for the duration of this flight—except for those of you enjoying our complimentary alcohol service, because drunk cigs don't count. Tampering with, disabling, or destroying the smoke detectors in the cabin or lavatory is actually cool as fuck, but I'm being told that you're not allowed to do that. So just be sneaky about it, I guess.

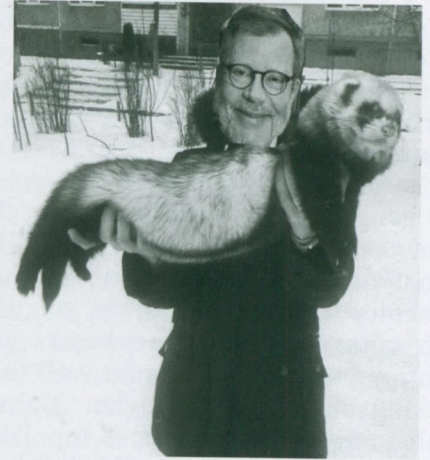
If you are seated next to an emergency exit, please carefully read the special instructions card located by your seat and printed on the exit door. If you are uncomfortable with or unable to perform the responsibilities described in the event of an emergency, then tough shit, snowflake.

This aircraft is equipped with four additional emergency exits. Please take a minute to locate the exit closest to you, remembering that the closest exit may be behind you. That's what she said. Ha ha ha, nice.

Should the cabin experience sudden pressure loss, stay calm and listen for instructions from the captain and other cabin crew. In the unlikely event of an emergency evacuation, please remain calm and exit in a calm and orderly fashion ...oh God, that's what she said too. I, uh—I'm sorry. I just—I haven't been the same since I lost her in the accident. I told her not to take that flight, I know I told her not to. I just had a bad feeling about it, but she had this trip for work and I had to stay home with the ferrets. She insisted. It can't be my fault if she insisted, right? No, it's not my fault. I've been over this. I need to let her go... wow, well would you look at that? Our flight's been delayed another 20 minutes, after which I will make this announcement and relive this grief again.

That's all I've got. Thank you for flying Spirit Airlines, where your safety is our number four priority. If you have any questions about our flight today, or yadda yadda yadda, I'll be in the back lighting up a fat one.

Preparing for takeoff,  
Eric  
President, *Case Western Reserve University*  
Part-time trolley dolly, *Spirit Airlines*



# New study abroad course teaches pre-health and nursing students the limits of the human condition

B. G. Ego

Are you a pre-health or nursing student who wants to study abroad? Are you worried that studying abroad won't fit into your busy schedule, or that your courses abroad won't transfer back as experiences you can write about in your dreaded personal statement or cover letter? Then "PHED 256: Testing the Human Condition" is your ideal study abroad experience, specifically designed to give students real-world experience that fits into their jam-packed class schedules. The pilot offering of this course will take place this summer, so students are encouraged to register early when SIS opens registration for the upcoming summer session.

PHED 256 takes place during May

session, and starts with two faculty-led orientation meetings on Saturdays during finals week. Students will then travel to Point Nemo, the most remote location on Earth commonly known as the "pole of inaccessibility". Students will live on a boat for two and a half weeks (CWRU housing fees apply, board fees not applicable) as they study marine life and the theory of evolution, build teamwork skills by rationing meager food supplies, read William Golding's *Lord of the Flies*, and learn what it means to be stranded where no one can hear your screams. When students arrive back on land they will be greeted by the Provost of the university, along with various teams ready to admin-

ister first aid and conduct psychological evaluations.

This course is open to graduate and undergraduate students interested in pursuing jobs in the healthcare field upon graduation and faculty who would like to co-teach the course. Interested students must complete a physical fitness test (they don't call it the "point of inaccessibility" for nothing!), a preliminary psychological evaluation, a living will and testament, a healthcare power of attorney document, and get approval from their academic advisor. PHED 256 will be listed as zero credits and count towards undergraduate students' physical education requirements.

## Spirit Airlines now offering flights guaranteed to help you join the mile high club

Dean Wood

You are presented with a surprisingly common situation: there is a young couple sitting next to you in the middle and window seats, taking up as much room as humanly possible, hands on each other's legs under the thin, barely-considered-fabric blankets your flight attendant handed out when you first sat down. They started with hands over shoulders, then little kisses on each other's necks, and now your eyes are glued to the tiny screen in front of you to prevent you from accidentally seeing something you do not want to see. Then suddenly the person in the middle seat gets up, apologizes for stepping over you, and goes to the restroom. Three minutes pass before the person in the window seat does the same thing, knocks on the restroom door, and enters the cramped cubicle. Above everything else in the entire experience, you are surprised that they were so desperate that they chose to have sex in an airplane bathroom of all places, but such is a regular occurrence on many flights.

Most airlines discourage this behavior, and impose hefty fines and other consequences as a result. But Spirit Airlines has done away with these rules and gone a step further: they have converted two of their Airbus A320-200 planes into "gentlemen's flights" with fully-reclining seats, wide aisle space, and reduced overhead storage. These flights will run for a limited time between John F. Kennedy International Airport in New York to Salt Lake City International Airport in Utah.

Edward M. Christie III, CEO of Spirit Airlines, commented on the change: "We are aware of multiple instances where individuals—mainly couples, but occasionally passengers with no prior relation to each other—are acting inappropriately on Spirit flights, despite the consequences. We realized if the fines and no-fly-list threats weren't working, then it was probably best to just give them all a place to go nuts. The name is still in the works, though. I'm think-

ing something flashy that catches people's attention. Maybe 'Flights2Fuck' or something like that?"

All members of the newly-hired flight crew come from backgrounds in dance, modeling, photography, cinematography, and sex therapy; pilots are given extra training regarding flight turbulence caused by "internal activity". Snack options include additional choices of fruit, chocolate, various syrups and whipped creams, and edible flavored lubes. All passengers are required to remain seated during taxi, takeoff, and landing, as well as whenever the seatbelt sign is on, in accordance with federal law; however, aside from these times they are encouraged to roam the aircraft and engage in sexual activities as they please. Tickets for these flights are already selling out for months in the future, but Spirit is waiting on reviews from their first gentlemen's flights to determine if they will continue this service or not in the long-term.

# Freedom Air: Where Inflight Entertainment Means Flight Attendants Are Drug Dealers

Buck Wild

Howdy, folks! My name is Buck Wild, drug enthusiast, and today I've partnered with Spirit Airlines' new subsidiary Freedom Airlines to let you know about our exciting new in-flight service options. Have y'all ever been a wee bit scared of flyin'? Well we've got just the solution for you. Here at Freedom Airlines, we believe that true freedom means drugs. What is your country to tell ya what you can or can't put into yer body? I say it's yer God-given right to be able to get black-out drunk at the airport Chili's if you damn well please! It's not natural for humans to fly. We are land animals. If I gotta go somewhere I ain't s'posed to be, you better believe I'm gettin' drunk to do it! And if you want to take that away from me you'll have to pry this bottle from my cold, dead hands.

Anywho, here on Freedom Airlines, you'll have the luxury of flyin' on a plane that has all the culinary fixin's. We're the only airline with a deep fryer on every single one of our planes. We make all our food hot and greasy just for you! Scared of an upset stomach? Don't worry, our fair comforts go down easy. You know what they say: "Everything in dough means you won't have to go!" Or maybe it's "you

will have to go"...hell, I can't remember. But ya know what I do remember? That Freedom Airlines has somethin' just as good as grease to whet yer appetite: chemical fixin's of all sorts, right from the metal trolley pushed by them beautiful flight crew.

Yearmin' to learn about our intoxicatin' offers? All guests git to choose between our three inflight packages:

## Package 1: Cocaine Class

This package is exclusive for our rewards members. Those who enjoy flying in first class can snort our premium cocaine off of our mirrored tray tables. What better way to use your rewards card than to make perfect lines? For just a one-time fee, all-you-can-drink alcohol and all-you-can-snort cocaine is available for all flights longer than 30 minutes. Cocaine Class is perfect for all our up-tight travelers lookin' to get the edge off.

## Package 2: Business with Benzos

Guests who purchase our Business with Benzos package are treated to our top of the line medications. Anxious, having trouble sleeping, or epileptic? We've got you covered. Our flight attend-dealers are able to serve you all sorts of benzodiazepines. Valium, Xanax,

diazepam, clonazepam, lorazepam, Pam the cooking spray, you name it. If it suits yer fancy and ends in "pam", we've got you covered.

## Package 3: E-cannabis Class

Are you a little broke? Don't be ashamed, we are too! If you're more of a low-key passenger, enjoy our E-cannabis Class where we'll serve you weed, shrooms, and acid. Hallucinogens are our specialty at the back of the plane, so come on down and transform a normal flight into a magical rocket right where your toes have faces and it smells like skunk. On Freedom Airlines, we encourage smoking in planes. The pilots wanna get that second-hand high from the hotbox!

So folks, if you're interested in flyin' in a way that revolutionizes air travel like our Patriot forefathers revolution-ized from those no-good, tea-drinkin' Brits, fly Freedom Airlines—available now exclusively in the U.S. of A.

\*Disclaimer: Any passengers who die in-flight as a result of substances abused on Freedom Airlines, are not liable for compensation. Families of corpses found on planes are responsible for financing body removal services\*

# CWRU opens new college upon converting Tinkham Veale University Center into regional airport

Sofia Lemberg

CWRU has just announced the opening of a brand new college within the university, thanks in part to several donations from NASA's Glenn Research Center and the Cleveland Regional Transit Authority. The new Orville and Wilbur Wright Flight School (OWWFS), set to offer classes as early as Fall 2023, was formed in a partnership that also converted Tinkham Veale University Center into a regional airport (now Tinkham Veale Regional Airport, or TVR) for students traveling from California, New Jersey, and Pittsburgh.

The Board of Trustees approved the new school earlier this year with the intention of promoting local Cleveland business and pro-

viding direct access points for students interested in aerospace occupations. "Everyone wants to be a doctor or an engineer these days. Talk about boring," said one member of the board when asked about the motivations behind developing a new school. "CWRU prides itself on experiential education. Since we were already turning one of the student centers into an airport, we thought it wise to give students an opportunity to take advantage of it from an occupational perspective."

When asked about how they plan on paying student pilots, another board member stated, "We'll treat the student flight program like our nursing program: free labor from inexperienced young people. Stu-

dent pilots get to put training hours on their resume, and we don't have to reimburse them for the hundreds of hours of work they put in on top of their other homework and studying. It's a win-win situation. Well, win-win for us. I don't know if they also win or not."

TVR will begin scheduling flights after the first semester of OWWFS classes, likely in the spring of 2024. Student pilots will begin by flying with an experienced pilot preceptor on several occasions before piloting an individual commercial flight for their final exam. Courses on customer service, trolley cart racing, cloud spotting, and spatial awareness will also be part of the first-year curriculum.

# Top 10 ways to join the mile high club

Fleighta Tinndant

Are you bored of people bragging about how they did it in a cramped single-stall bathroom aboard a “super romantic” flight with “well-timed turbulence”? Me too! The “mile high club” as we know it is just so dull. Who cares if you were raw-dogging it as the pilot asked for all passengers to fasten their seatbelts and hold onto loose belongings as we brace ourselves for an emergency landing in the middle of a forest? Surely not me. I am providing you with fresh, exciting ways to redefine the mile high club in your own way. You can choose any or all of the following options, and you can even make new ways to join this club. This will be gracious for all those poor people who really just have to take a fat shit after eating that greasy Auntie Anne’s pretzel at the airport.

**1. Having sex in a helicopter.** You may think this is not that much different than the usual way to join the mile high club, and while you are slightly correct, you must consider the contexts of a helicopter. Medical emergencies, military missions, scenic views of Vermont, etc. The possibilities are endless. Plus, it’s much more private than an airplane. You won’t have to worry about flight attendants hearing you tell your partner that they put it in the wrong hole (again). If you have a pilot accompanying you and your partner, then it is the perfect opportunity to suggest a threesome.

**2. Having sex while skydiving.** Now *this* is for my thrill-seeking audience. Especially those who enjoy being watched... from a distance. You’re basically out in the open, doing the dance with no pants, and feeling the adrenaline rush of a lifetime. Don’t have room for a condom? The parachute should cover it.

**3. Jumping really high.** Not into sex? Hey, no problem! It is easy to feel left out when people brag about the mile high club when you simply are not eager to see a hoo-ha, dingaling, or thingamabob. Why does it have to be about sex? Well, now it doesn’t. If you jump *reeeeeeeally* high, using those calf muscles, those glutes, all of that, you can say you successfully joined the mile high club! Bonus points if you rupture a tendon while jumping.

**4. Having sex on a hot air balloon.** This is for lesbians ONLY. I mean it. This

is cottage-core-esque. Have some Hozier or Clairo playing in the background. Eat a non-dairy cheese board with assorted fruits (let’s face it, there’s no way you can be gay AND eat dairy products). Longingly look into your partner’s eyes and see a lifetime of beautiful companionship. Tell them how much your heart overflows for them; how much you wish you could put into words the extent of your love for them. Gently kiss them. Give soft caresses on their cheek while hot tears bathe your face out of adoration for your lover. The rest is history. You’ve just joined the most exclusive mile high club. Sigh. It’s enough to make me cry.

**5. Doing heroin.** Again, why does this have to be about sex? What if I just really want to do drugs? That’s valid! I am no expert, but I truly believe the best way to get high (like, *miles* high) is just to do a shit ton of heroin and see what happens. Coke is fine if you don’t have heroin in the budget. Do not source it from anywhere that isn’t family-owned. That shit can’t be trusted.

**6. Going to Denver.** The mile high club is actually headquartered in Denver for

good reason, so take a trip to Colorado to see the joint for yourself. (Ha, see what I did there?) It is the “Mile High City” for a reason!

**7. Have sex on top of an airplane while it is flying.** If you don’t like the options previously listed, I present a slight alternative to the norm. Although it’s pretty similar to having sex *in* an airplane, it has just enough quirk to make you post about it on Facebook (if you live). I cannot guarantee this will be a good experience. Stuff *has* to flap around.

**8. Have sex on the moon.** At this rate, I’m running out of options. If you are one of those super rich, ultra-elite, celebrity bitches that can get away with horrendous stuff like abuse, you should send yourself to space anyways. Might as well have a good time up there before the oxygen runs out.

**9. Get high on the moon.** See above.

**10. Run a mile until you feel high.** Is that why people run marathons? Is “runner’s high” a real thing? I’m not entirely sure, so if someone can confirm or deny, that would be great. Mile high club membership will be awarded upon confirmation.

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An Doan

# Review: I tested Spirit Airlines Super Economy Class and I'm pretty sure I experienced ego death

Michael Lazarus

Look, legally I've been told that I have to disclose that I'm not technically some sort of critic or airline inspector or travel reviewer or whatever. That being said, I really don't know where else to publish this kinda thing, so I guess a travel magazine is the best thing I've got. At this point, I've gone to all kinds of travel agencies, medical professionals, you name it. Eventually I even went to a rabbi about it, but see the thing is that I'm not even Jewish, I'm Roman Catholic. That's just how bizarre this whole experience was.

Anyway, I was pressed for cash, alright? Hell, isn't anyone desperate enough to be flying Spirit Airlines? Nevermind, that's not the point. But I saw this ad, in those little pamphlets, right? "Spirit Airlines: Super Economy Class. Reminding you that life is worth living." I figured it was some hippie marketing crap but the fine print said I could save a couple of bucks doing it, and I fly enough that I figured, "why not, what the hell?" So I talk to the attendant behind the desk about it before I check into security and all, and she's all excited I'm trying it. Fuckin' creeped me out a bit, to be honest.

And then she sends me down this other little hallway through to a different security checkpoint, where I'm the one sitting on the conveyor belt getting x-rayed while they check my bags to load under the plane. And then before you know it I'm in a box getting loaded under the plane myself.

I don't remember much between that, but I'm pretty sure I...died? It was warm in whatever box they had me stowed in, though I remember feeling so...cold. But I wasn't chattering. I wasn't even shivering. I was still. I found I could not move in that box even if I wanted to. That whole time you could have told me I was dead and I would have believed you.

Then the dreams started. That's where things get fuzzy. There was a field, I think, and I'm pretty sure my mother and my sister were there. Oh my God, my sister. I really should call her. I told her I would when I landed. What do I even say? "Yeah, the flight was fine, but come to think of it the weirdest thing happened. They put me in a box under the airplane and I thought I died but I'm alright now." It sounds stupid just saying it out loud. Anyway, where was I? Right, the field.

It was peaceful, but something about it was strangely liminal. There was wind. Not like cabin pressure wind, or even thinning atmosphere wind—but a very real wind, there in that place. A breeze that washed over everything. There were trees, and birds, and flowers around my mother and sister, or whoever those two women were—blossoms yellow and purple rustled in that breeze like a crest of foam over a wave.

But something there was not right. No, I knew it as soon as I saw it something was deeply wrong. I didn't belong there. Where even was there? The women started to walk away, shrinking down past the hill they were standing on.

The petals on the flowers blew away in unison, leaving the soil to dry, turning patchy and bare. The leaves on the trees rotted all at once; the sky darkened to a deep blood-orange. The singing birds were now crows, and they all seemed focused on me. They stared at me astutely, judgmentally. Like they knew something I didn't.

They spoke in a round, each a sentence at a time, and in plain, unbroken English. "You shouldn't be here. Not yet. But you already know that. Why don't you leave this place before you can't recognize anywhere else?"

"Yes, I think I will. I don't like it here."

The crows looked at each other intently, then back at me. The one in front, closest to me, cocked his head. He opened his mouth to speak, but as he did so his beak did not move to form the shapes of his words.

"Thank you for flying Spirit Airlines: Super Economy Class. Reminding you that life is worth living. To speak to a representative, please press 1."

I have no memory of deboarding the plane. When I woke up I was standing upright, luggage in hands, in the baggage claim of my destination airport. None of the other passengers was there, and when I finally gathered myself enough to leave it was already the middle of the night. But there I was—alive, awake, and very much alert—and probably never the same again, especially whenever I see those creepy ass birds.

So yeah, five stars I guess.

## Dear Abby: The Athenian's premiere advice column

Dear Abby: My frat and I want to go to Cancun to catch some tail but our boy Mike won't go. He says he wants to go to Edgewater beach and read a book. How do I get him to loosen up and come with us?

—H.M.U. If-you-want-to-come-too

Dear H.M.U., While you may think that your friend wants to have relations with well-endowed women, Mike might not feel up to it this spring break. Everyone relaxes from the previous half semester in different ways. I encourage you to support your friend doing his own thing, and after the break, you will both feel rejuvenated. As for your invitation, I am happily married.

Dear Abby, The boys did what you suggested and let Mike go. He'd be a downer anyways wanting us to "tip strippers because that's how they make their income". Here's

the problem though, there are no hot babes at this beach. There's just this big shark that keeps eating people, which I don't think I need to tell you is most definitively scaring the hoes. We need to get rid of this shark. My man Kevin is getting so desperate he said that he might fuck the shark, both to get some play, and to seduce it into leaving.

—Kevin Might-fuck-a-shark (P.S. It doesn't matter that you're married. Lmk if you're still down. Or, do you have any hot interns?)

Dear Kevin, Get off the beach if there is a killer shark! And no, I am not interested. As for my interns, I try not to objectify them.

Dear Abby, The shark isn't a problem anymore. Now it's sharks. Plural. A tornado hit the beach and it started a whole Sharknado. Man, Cancun sucks. Right now I bet Mike is at Edgewater having a 1960s beach party.

I'm starting to regret my choice of vacation, and regretting bullying Mike. How do I deal with these emotions while a Sharknado blows through the town?

—Sad-In-Sharknado

Dear Sad-In-Sharknado, If these feelings are persistent, maybe reach out to a professional therapist to talk about it. Or, reach out to a loved one. But first LEAVE. Additionally, one of my interns wanted to say "text me cutie at 555-555-3459".

Dear Abby, I talked to my buddy Kevin, and he said it was his inner loneliness that led him to fucking the shark. I think we really connected emotionally that night, and it felt surprisingly good to be vulnerable with him. I also texted your intern, Jeremy. There should be some pics coming in the mail for him ;)

—No-Longer Sad-In-Sharknado

# Hooters Airlines Undergoes Relaunch With Owls

Edie Barlin

CLEVELAND – Hooters Air, the defunct airline running from 2003-2006 and owned by Hooters of America, has recently relaunched to the public—but this time, with an aviary twist. In an attempt to reach a new customer base with similar branding, the airline removed the busty flight attendants and has replaced them with owls. But how exactly did this rebranding work? *The Athenian* interviewed the owner of Hooters Air, its customers, and some of the new flight attendants.

According to the owner of Hooters Air, Robert Brooks, the owls were a great success.

“These owls are the greatest workers we’ve ever had. They work nights, and they can fly so meal delivery service is fast. They don’t even need on-flight meals! All we need to do is let them loose in the cargo of the plane, give them a little nibble of the dead bodies being transported, and we get to claim that turbulence put a hole through Great Aunt Patty’s

face.”

However, not all customers were happy about this change. One unhappy customer reported,

“I wanted to travel on Hooters Air to have an easier time jerking it in the bathroom on flights for....sleep reasons....but it’s not easy to get hard thinking of owls, and one even caught me in the act and bit my dick off.”

Originally the idea for the rebrand was to attract conservationists and animal lovers. But as the weeks went by, more and more animal lovers of a different variety began to show up.

“I for one found it very easy to get hard thinking of owls,” claims one customer, who wanted to remain anonymous.

What do the owls think of all of this? We reached out to Benny the Owl, the owls’ union representative, for an interview. Benny the Owl had this to say:

“We owls love working for Hooters Air. Many of us actually applied

to work at the Hooters restaurants when the concept was first released but were not hired. They had concerns about hygiene. You see, we don’t have hands so we can’t wash them. However, in the air anything goes! We’re already in a big tube of germs and stinky feet so the customers can’t really complain. We also couldn’t originally fit in the provided Hooters shirts as we are more ovular than the average waitress. However, we recently lobbied for the airline to allow two owls per shirt, one in each boob spot. The company agreed and now we fit perfectly in the uniforms.”

Hooters Air has already returned on its investment in the first eight weeks of its rebranding. In response to the program’s success, other airlines are announcing similar rebranding efforts: Virgin Airlines has confirmed they will be replacing flight attendants with the band Weezer, and Breeze Airlines is rumored to be replacing all of its staff with air conditioners.

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## Private plane attempting emergency landing on Cuyahoga River ignites due to polluted water

Gertrude Robinson

CLEVELAND – A private plane that would have safely made a water landing on the Cuyahoga River yesterday evening caught fire within minutes of touching the water. The crash is now deemed to be the result of a fuel tank leak, which caused the plane to rapidly descend before reaching its intended destination. Only minor injuries were reported among the three passengers and two flight crew members, who managed to escape the plane via emergency flotation devices kept on the aircraft.

Simon Fairchild, the pilot and one of two flight crew members, noticed an imbalance in the wing tanks 40 minutes into the two-hour flight, a critical sign of a fuel tank leak. “Even though I had checked everything before takeoff, it was still wrong. I knew then that we were going down,” Fairchild explained

with a cynical smile. Fairchild radioed to Cleveland Hopkins International Airport for support but explained they would not make it that far inland, opting then and there for the risky water landing. Michael Crew, the flight attendant, assisted the three passengers (who wished to remain anonymous) with the safety protocols before the plane hit the water.

Only after the group had safely exited the aircraft did the fire begin. “It looked like the river itself was on fire!” remarked one of the anonymous passengers, “I’m surprised, because normally we’re taught that water isn’t prone to being on fire. I guess this river doesn’t have enough water in it to actually be non-flammable? I almost walked on some of the trash floats instead of the floating emergency slide because there was so much of it right by the wings of

the plane.” Their description is surprisingly accurate: enough trash and oil had surrounded the plane within minutes of the passengers escaping that it not only caught fire, but could not sink to the bottom of the river bed, resulting in the release of toxic fumes into the air for hours until the fire was quelled.

Agnes Montague, a specialist from the Environmental Protection Agency, arrived within hours of the crash and gave a similar assessment. “Ohio is like a thorn in Mother Nature’s side right about now,” she groaned, unprompted. “The next barrel of toxic waste I see thrown into this God-forsaken river or burned along a train track will be the reason I leave and never look back.” Investigations into the faulty fuel tank and possible foul play from the flight crew are currently underway.

# spirit



## Spring Break Deals!

Round Trip ▾ 1 Adult ▾



From

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To

Your Mother's House (YMH)

Depart & Return



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